

converted into flour; how furniture is wrought from blocks of wood, and threads woven into cloth, the whole history of the objects about him is revealed. The different parts of life become connected and he gets a sense of the thread of harmony that runs thru it all. And he has a moment of satisfaction, coming through a feeling of kinship with the world, which is more useful than gratitude upon general principles.—*Exchange.*

#### God's Best

God has his best things for the few  
That dare to stand the test;  
God has his second choice for those  
Who will not have his best.

It is not always open ill  
That risks the promised rest;  
The better, often, is the foe  
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants  
In some way to be blest;  
'Tis not thy blessing, Lord, I seek,  
I want thy very best.

And others make the highest choice  
But when by trials pressed,  
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross,  
And so they lose the best.

I want in this short life of mine,  
As much as can be pressed  
Of service true for God and man;  
Help me to be my best.

I want to stand when Christ appears  
In spotless raiment dressed;  
Numbered among his hidden ones,  
His holiest and his best.

I want among the victor throng  
To have my name confessed;  
And hear my Master say at last,  
"Well done; you did your best."

Give me, O Lord, thy highest choice—  
Let others take the rest;  
Their good things have no charms for me,  
For I have got thy best.

—Selected.

### Sisters' Society C. E.

#### From the Field

*Dear Readers of the S. S. C. E.*—After a little more than five months of quiet and pleasant school work at Ashland College, I am again "going to and fro" thru the brotherhood. The day following the Ohio Conference I enjoyed in the home of Miss Mable Garber, one of our college students. The next morning I left Ohio for Cerro Gordo, Illinois, to begin my work in behalf of the Sisters' Society of Christian Endeavor. Not having been at home for a year and a half, it was a rather testing moment when the train moved out, and I realized I was starting for the west, instead of going to "Maryland, my Maryland." But 'twas only for a moment, then I remembered it was all for the best, and that this was the only time I had, at least for another year, in which to finish my tour among the churches in the west, as I expect to attend Ashland College all next year.

Despite the very little speaking I did in public while at Ashland, the five months of quiet study there has helped me in a way that makes my public work easier. Instead of being out of practice, as I had expected, I

found the speaking no harder than when I stopped last Christmas. 'Tis indeed true, that education prepares one for the duties of life—fits one to do their work better, no matter what that work may be. I write this for you, my young friends, who have not fully decided to come to Ashland next year. Please read Mrs. Miller's article again in the educational number of the EVANGELIST, then decide which you ought to do.

On my way to Illinois I stopped off for the night at North Manchester and spent a few pleasant hours with our national secretary, Mrs. Perry. It being the time for Brother Flora's appointment at Cerro Gordo, we boarded the same train at North Manchester.

Long before reaching our stopping place the new country began to look strange. The long stretch of country before any natural timber is seen; the many small groves dotting the country and which have been planted by the first settlers; the great corn fields, some of over a hundred acres near Cerro Gordo—all this and more contrasted strangely with the states farther east. The corn was much larger than any I had seen in Indiana or Ohio, but the wheat, what little they raise, was poorer. The soil, a "shiny black," has also that detestable property of adhesion during a wet season, and it rained almost every day while I was there. But they are a most generous hearted people, making free use of their fine teams, so that a stranger is not allowed to suffer the inconvenience of muddy roads. Their roads are extremely wide—sixty feet, sometimes ninety.

As yet our people have no church building but Brother Flora meets with them once a month in a school house. This is usually well filled, yet the attention is always good. After preaching two nights Brother Flora returned home and they had announced yet four more services for me. They had never come in direct contact with S. S. C. E. workers and were eager to learn so I remained with them longer than usual. Their church membership numbers about twenty-five, almost all of which belong to the Sisters' Society. Brother Flora did a good work when he effected this organization a few years ago. Each pastor, if he is a good pastor, ought to know what the S. S. C. E. of his church is doing, and encourage them in whatever good they undertake.

The financial result of the meetings at Cerro Gordo is in keeping with their generous spirit. The collection, together with an offering from the society, amounted to \$11.28. Brother and Sister Vulgamott and Alta Groff each paid the first dollar on their \$5 pledge to the theological fund. Three others will make their first payment next month. Then as a finishing touch, Brother R. S. Groff took one of the hundred-dollar endowment pledges for Ashland University. Yet the work will not be finished until a few of their young people will come to Ashland and derive some of the direct benefits from the school.

I see my letter is growing lengthy and I shall leave my report of Auburn until next

week. At present I am at Astoria. By the 7th of July I expect to be at Waterloo, Ia., which will be my address for the week preceding the 7th. VIANNA DETWILER.

## Our Young People

#### Betake Thyself to Prayer

When bitter winds of trouble blow,  
And thou art tossing to and fro;  
When waves are rolling mountain high,  
And clouds obscure the steadfast sky;  
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there;  
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life  
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,  
So weary of the commonplace,  
Of days that wear the self-same face,  
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there;  
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brims thy cup with sparkling joy,  
When happy tasks the hours employ,  
When men with praise and sweet acclaim  
Upon the highways speak thy name;  
Then, soul, I bid thee have a care;  
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer.

If standing where two pathways meet,  
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,  
Thou art in doubt which road to take,  
Look up, and say: "For thy dear sake—  
O Master, show thy footprints fair—  
I'd follow thee." Christ answers prayer.

The tempter oft, with wily toil,  
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;  
His weapons never lose their edge,  
But thou art heaven's peculiar pledge;  
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there—  
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer!

—Mrs. Sangster, in *Sunday-School Times*.

### THE POWER OF SMALL THINGS—Mark 4:30-32

Topic, July 8.

There is a beautiful poem which represents a snowflake as complaining about being so small and helpless, yet the many snowflakes together covered the earth, stopped traffic and melting, flooded the valleys. Life is made up of a succession of little things, words and deeds, and becomes great only in the sum. Often a little thing will decide the great things, as the rudder of a ship guides its course. A small switch may side-track a train, and a small choice may side-track a career. The mustard seed was the smallest of seeds sown in the ground, yet it became a tree. God can take a little light and make it shine afar. He can bless the widow's oil, and he can cause the kind words and deeds however obscure they may be, to multiply and bear much fruit.

Some one has said that "genius is the capacity for taking pains." Is it not true? If true in common things it is also true in spiritual things. Love "doth not behave itself unseemly." It is careful of small courtesies and avoids the small stabs of unkind criticism.

Faith sees in the beginnings of the kingdom the prophecy of its fullness. In the little things we may do to help it along lies our duty and reward.

#### SCRIPTURE HELP

(The following references are rather long to be read in the meeting. They should be assigned beforehand to persons who will simply tell the incident briefly and point its lesson with reference to the subject.)

1. A little fault may spoil a good life. Eccl. 10:1.

QUESTION:—What are some of the common little things by which Christian character is marred? Let the children name some of them.

2. A little move toward sin may land one in its depths, Gen. 13:12, 13. Show how Lot pitched toward Sodom and soon got into Sodom.

3. A little part of us uncontrolled may cause much